

A New Picture of an Old Acquaintance

IT IS now twenty years since William Jennings Bryan won for himself the Democratic nomination for the Presidency with his "cross of gold" and "crown of thorns" speech at Chicago. Twice since then he has been his party's nominee and once was instrumental in naming the candidate—President Wilson's first nomination.

Mr. Bryan is again taking considerable interest in the Presidential nomination, not necessarily for himself, but while he is being mentioned in some states, he has not acquiesced at this writing.

Again, somewhat, yet pleasant and smiling, the Commoner, as he likes to be called, is still keen of eye and alert in mind and body. Writing for his weekly publication advocating "Causes" at all times, the chief of which at this time is the full enforcement of prohibition laws.

Labor's Bad Advisors

By W. J. BRYAN, in *The Commoner*

LABOR has been badly advised recently with the result that her enemies are happy and her friends distressed. The policeman's strike in Boston turned the public's attention to the fact that the local police organizations in thirty cities had joined the Federation of Labor. It was a mistake to join—a grave mistake, but the danger involved did not become apparent until the Boston police struck and turned the city over to rioters. Then the people realized that a policeman can not have a divided allegiance—his whole duty is to his government.

The coal strike is even worse. The attempt to use the winter's cold to coerce the public into supporting the strike was a gross miscalculation—it alienated sympathy. The public can not be expected to reason calmly while a mob is in control of the city or where there is no fuel for the fire. The policemen and miners may have grievances—there should be investigation, but these two strikes have made it impossible for genuine friends of the wage-earners to defend the methods employed. The crying need of the hour is machinery that will bring about a settlement of industrial disputes before they reach the strike or lockout stage.

"Do not worry," Clemenceau is saying to his critics: "Bring your alliances."

A wireless telephone system is proposed for Manitoba. The tremendous distances between cities, towns and ranches make the establishment of adequate telephone systems prohibitive.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

(C) Keystone View

First Allied Warship Through Kiel Canal



(C) Kadel & Herbert

And This Is France!

Concluded from page 6

very nice, how much of a dowry? Ten thousand francs. It sounds like a lot of money—about two thousand dollars. Now what is Henri's situation? Henri, it seems, from his parent's story, has excellent prospects. What is he doing? So and so. Suzette's father thinks this over. If Henri looks like a good bet, he draws an invitation to Sunday dinner; if he doesn't—and the French father makes a point of investigating the man who wishes to marry his daughter—he throws every conceivable obstacle in the path of the marriage, going so far, if he deems his daughter's happiness in evil hands, as to threaten to cut off every son of his daughter's dowry. Knowing that love is blind, and being essentially a very practical person, the Frenchman acts practically on the problem.

Also the daughter is very apt to be practical, too. Shrewd and thrifty as the Frenchman is, the French woman has her feet on the ground, so to speak, even more. She is a marvelous manager, be it in a household or in a business. She has the gift of following through every franc of the Republic she can lay hands on, to its ultimate resting place—the family saving fund. She has an extremely practical outlook on life and at the same time loses none of her engaging charm because of it. The Gabys Deslys and Fins have given us a totally wrong viewpoint on the French woman. She is far from being frivolous or extravagant. Because we have had only one type of French woman presented to us, why judge the womanhood of France by her? Suppose someone were to herd together the very light young ladies of our Peacock Alleys, pose them on pedestals, and exclaim, "Behold America!"

Paris is France. But don't judge Paris by Maxim's or by the American Bar of the Café de la Paix or by the Ambassador's or the Armeonville in the Bois de Boulogne or by the mannequins and midinettes who parade along the Boulevard de Capucines around noon-time on Sundays. There are homes in Paris, honestly. And Paris is France because after you have swept aside the places that exist for the traveling public of America, England, Germany, Roumania and Spain—the Belgian and Italian know better—after you have swept aside the places that exist for French boobs, for there are boobs in France just as there are any other place, you will find a people whose home life is something we might well strive to attain and whose intellectual ideals are something to be sought after.

THE Kiel Canal and what it held remained the great mystery of the war. There were many Allied naval commanders who would have given their all to have forced an entrance and met the enemy in their own waters but it was not possible because of the impregnability of the defenses that guarded the German Kaiser's naval base. It was here that the great German fleet, later to be surrendered without battle, and still later to be scuttled by its commander after surrender, lay for more than four years, becoming engaged gen-

erally once, at Jutland, when it suffered so severely that it could not risk another "victory" such as that proclaimed in the official German statement telling of the battle. Now the Kiel Canal is no longer to serve as a refuge for German warships. The Allies have eliminated the German navy, and the fortifications must be razed.

This photograph shows the Italian warship Amalfi passing under the high bridge Rendsburg, through the Kiel Canal, the first Allied war vessel to make the trip.